

The Winchester Appeal.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.
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The Winchester Appeal

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Written for the Winchester Appeal.
LETTERS FROM AN OLD TURKEY
HUNTER.

NUMBER I.
FRANKLIN COUNTY, May 9th.

Dear Friend:—Fearing I may exhaust your patience, and give you cause to lose confidence in my promises, I will no longer delay giving you some account of my many hunting excursions, and especially of the many conflicts and singular rencounters within the last twelve or fourteen years, which it has been my rare fortune to have with the wild turkey, to say nothing of many curious incidents with the opossum, the coon, and other nocturnal depredators.

To give you a detailed account of all my ramblings in pursuit of the wild game of the forest, over hill and dale—in climbing the most rugged and almost perpendicular steep—descending abrupt declivities no less rugged and hazardous—in passing, or rather, in squeezing through narrow defiles, with ponderous masses of rock on each side—anon in full stretch across the wide extended plain, in hot pursuit of some pampered, aristocratic old gobbler, whose corpulence adding too much gravity to his dimensions, prevents him from making his rise for flight; then, perhaps, in stealthily breaking in upon the pious meditations of some lofty-perched young gobbler, just entering

“Manhood’s ardent prime,” by an unexpected salute from *Old Panhandle*.—I say, to give an account in detail of all the rare and wondrous incidents which have occurred in the history of my hunting expeditions, would require too much time for even the possibility of such undertaking.

I have chosen this method of communication, as I desire that the young and rising generation may have the opportunity of learning something of the arts and stratagems, (or in other words) the science of hunting the different sorts of game in our country—something of their nature, habits, &c., which may add, it is hoped, to their stock of knowledge in natural history, or be the means of increasing their fondness for reading sensible and well-written works on Zoology and Ornithology; or induce some lazy, indolent chap to arouse from his indolent habits and launch forth into the “deep solitudes” of the forest, and distinguish himself by “deeds of noble daring,” rendering himself useful in bringing in the spoils of his skill in gunmanship to enhance the glories of the table with his savoury viands. If anything be added to the thirst for knowledge—to the energies of the mental or physical system, or to the richness or delicacy of the table, I will march on my way rejoicing that I have not written in vain.

No, my dear friend, I should be very clear of exposing my awkwardness before the public eye, did I not hope at least to impart something in my humble and simple narrations that may prove useful to some one.

Reared up to manhood in “the backwoods,” an orphan thrown pretty much on my own resources, remote from the refinements, excesses, and vanities of fashionable life, I knew of little other use for my limbs than in felling the forest; and little else for the activity of my mind and body, than catching

the wild turkey, the pheasant and the deer. Many of my happiest hours have glided away amid the beauties and innocent fascinations of the forest. Whether in the active chase, or reposing under the cool shades on Summer’s eve, hard by the refreshing streamlet, I have felt an enjoyment and an independency of mind of which many of the great and wealthy ones of the earth have ever been denied. Aside from the pleasure of the chase, or my delight in taking the wild game, I have ever indulged a passionate fondness for the wild retreats of nature. The wide extending plain, the ragged bluffs, on whose sides grow and bloom in modest retirement the honeysuckle and wild red rose; the shady dell, the dark and deep ravine, the roaring cataract, the noisy brooklet as it goes babbling down the craggy declivity, have all their charms for me. Ah! I sometimes have wished I had lived in the days of Nimrod “the mighty hunter before the Lord,” and had participated with him in driving the ravenous beasts from the plains of Shinar; or had fallen on the times of Father Esau that I might have joined him in chasing the nimble deer through the fields and forests of Gerar, and especially in taking the venison that was to ensure the dying blessings of his dear old father, out of which he was defrauded by the wily coalescence of the artful Jacob and his deceptive mother; or that I could have been the companion of Alexander Selkirk during his stay in the island of Juan Fernandez; or lived in the wilds of Kentucky with that good old man, Daniel Boone, and borne with him the hardships and perils of an old hunter’s life, contending with the savages and the ravenous beasts of prey; or that I had been the associate of the gallant Davy Crockett, and helped him wade the dismal swamps of Mississippi, and joined him in his bloody battles with the bears, the panthers, the cougars, the wild cats and other hateful beings over which he gained many brilliant victories, often in self-defence, or for the glory of his country. But it has pleased the Great Author of my being to cast my lot in too late a period of the world’s history to have shared any of the gallant exploits of the mighty and illustrious hunters alluded to, whose deeds will continue to live in the annals of history as worthy of praise and worthy of imitation.

Then, be it mine to live contented with mine own appointed time and sphere—with my old hunting ground, my same old gun and faithful dog, and the satisfaction I feel in encountering the scenes of a hunter’s life. Thus have been my raising and early pursuits, thus my associations, and thus my feelings and wishes.

After my assurance of talking with you again soon, and my best wishes for your happiness and prosperity, I bid you a kind adieu.

TURKEY HUNTER.
SOME TRUTH IN THIS.—Gough, the eloquent temperance lecturer, who has been touring in England, lately delivered a lecture in New York, in the course of which he said:

It was told me in England that it was necessary for a lady who wished to travel through Europe, to always be accompanied by a gentleman, to prevent her from all rudeness, and even actual insult. I told them that here, in the United States, a lady could travel from Maine to Louisiana, and be treated with the greatest politeness. Now, ladies, I have frequently noticed that when—especially in public assemblies—some of you have been offered seats, which, as a matter of courtesy, you should occupy, instead of politely saying, “thank you, sir, for your kindness,” you have dropped into the vacated seat, with apparently offended air, as much as to say, “you impudent puppy, you!” (Applause.) Now, ladies, the next time a gentleman offers you a seat, if you will only put on one of your prettiest smiles, and say, “Thank you, sir!” depend upon it, a man can stand all night, and never know he has any legs.

Mortality Statistics of the United States.

The *N. Y. Medical Gazette* for May, is indebted to the politeness of J. S. B. DeBow, Esq., the superintendent of census, for the proof-sheet of the mortality tables, which have been prepared with great labor and care from the statistics of the census of 1850. There is an immense mass of useful information to be derived from an examination of these tables, and a comparison with the statistics of other countries. The proportion of deaths to the population in the United States, gives us the cheering information that our chances of living are better than those of any other civilized nation in the world. Our population being twenty three millions, while the deaths occurring in one year amount to 320,000, the ratio of deaths to population is about one and third per cent. The same calculation in England shows the ratio to be above two per cent., and in France at nearly three per cent. It would thus appear that in spite of the gloomy forebodings of those who warn against our bad habits, neglect of sanitary precautions, and violations of all the rules of hygiene, we still seem to outlive sturdy John Bull or the soup-magre Frenchman. This is made more forcibly to appear when we deduct the deaths from cholera occurring in the year of the census, (1849) amounting to 31,000, which would still more reduce the ratio.

The proportion of deaths in the Northern and Southern States show a remarkable difference in favor of our climate and region of country, and we are happy to inform our readers in Virginia and North Carolina, that they are destined to outlive their Abolition brethren of New York and Ohio to a very comfortable extent. The population of Virginia and North Carolina is 2,270,000, and the number of deaths in the census year 29,000, the ratio being thus 1.03 per cent.—Of the five millions of people inhabiting the large States of New York and Ohio, nearly 75,000 annually die, the ratio being one and one-fourth per cent. Yet strange to say, although we thus perceive that our own climate is so favorable to longevity, we have a larger proportion of medical men than any portion of the Union.

The number of persons who reach the age of 100 and upwards, will satisfy us more completely as to the correctness of the above statement. In Virginia and North Carolina, we observe 638 persons who were 100 and upwards. New York and Ohio, with more than double the population, can show but 146! Again, in the two Southern States, 129 persons died during the census year over 100, in the Northern only 41.

An Eloquent Extract.

The sea is the largest cemetery, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All grave yards, in other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery, the king, the clown, the prince and the peasant are alike undistinguished. The waves roll over all—the same requiem is sung by the minstrels of the ocean to their honor. Over their remains the storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unadorned, will sleep, until awakened by the same trump, when the sea will give up its dead.—I thought of sailing over the slumbering but devoted Cookman, who, after a brief but brilliant career, perished in the President—over the same ill-fated vessel we may have passed. In that cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious Fisher, but where he and thousands of others of the noble spirits of earth lie, no one but God knoweth.—No marble rises to show where their ashes are gathered, or where the lovers of the good can go to shed their tears of sympathy. Who can tell where lie the ten thousands of Africa’s sons, who perished in the “middle passage”? Yet that cemetery hath ornaments of Jehovah. Never can I forget my days and nights, as I passed the noblest of cemeteries without a single monument.—Giles.

BEAUTIFUL.—There is a beautiful and just sentiment in the following lines: “He who forgets the fountain from which he drank, and the tree under whose shade he gambolled in the days of his youth, is a stranger to the sweet impressions of the human heart.”

Louis Napoleon is 48 years old.—Eugenie is only 30.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

WHAT LAWYERS LIVE FOR.

Pray, what do lawyers live for? Ah to me
’Tis certainly a wondrous question,
and
Commands an answer that might always
be
Most touching, and sometimes a little
grand,
But for the sea of doubt that heedless
rolls
Between, without a star upon its breast
To guide poor, troubled, sinking, way-
worn souls,
To some bright hope where weariness
might rest.
But to the question: and I here design
To specify. ’Tis said the farmers call
Their various herds around them, and as-
sign
To teach a name; then in its proper
stall
’Tis kindly, gently placed; and so on
through
’Till every one is classified and all
Their own respective habitation know,
Nor one harsh word of discontent let
fall.
The miser, and of such there is a score,
Looks o’er his ill-spent life and counts
the bright
Spots by the silver dimes his well fed
store
Reveals unto his eager, longing sight.
Poor, sniveling soul! His rich robes
never bade
The wrapt throng in one ringing chorus
join—
For what was such a groveling spirit
made?
Ask of the eagle stamped upon his coin.
The nice young Lawyer, with his mounted
cane
Held gracefully within a jeweled thumb
Almost as slender as the empty brain
That never said unto his lips—“be
dumb;”
The greenest sprout of all the sunny
South,
And that, you know, is Nature’s ver-
dant spot;
What does he live for? Look upon his
mouth—
The moustache answers, surely I can
not.
The famous lawyer—he whose giant mind
Outstrips the wild wind in its bright
career,
That treads on stars, and leaves the earth
behind,
As something lowlier than its native
sphere—
What though he crush the poor man in
his toil,
And brand the helpless with a ruined
name;
His is the victory—his the glorious spoil,
And the proud triumph of a deathless
fame.
The feeling Lawyer, he whose mighty
heart
Throbs at the widow’s piteous despair,
That never sees a feeble step depart
Unstrengthened by his god-like, fervent
prayer;
He never mocks the orphan’s falling tear,
Nor spurns the low worm trailing in
the dust;
What does he live for? Sure his mission
here
Is one of faith, and holiness, and trust.
The bachelor Lawyer! Ah poor racking
brain,
Be still, I’ve asked the heavens, the
earth, the sea,
What does the poor wretch live for?—but
in vain,
It is unanswered and will ever be.
He claims no fellowship with man; none
knows
His hopes or fears; and, like a lone
bark tossed
Upon the ocean when the mad winds
blow,
He sinks at one wild plunge, and all
is lost.
My subdivision, with my time, is out,
The stars were questioned but a short
hour since,
And laughing, whispered from the skies:
“About
An hour from this we will look forth
and wince!”
And now from out the moonbeam’s silver
bars,
Their shadowy glance steals quivering
to my heart,
And while the sweet love of those holy
stars
Wraps every thought, kind reader, we
will part.

SALLIE A. REEDY.

You may depend upon it that he is
a good man whose intimate friends are
all good.
Beauty, unaccompanied by virtue,
is a flower without perfume.

An editor out west exhibited, the
other day an astonishing instance of
absent mindedness, by copying from
an exchange paper one of his own
articles, and heading it “Wretched at-
tempt at wit.”

John Randolph’s Grave.

On a bright and beautiful morning
in May, we mounted our horses to visit
Roanoke, the seat of the late John
Randolph. The weather was charm-
ing, our horses in fine life, and our-
selves in good humor with everything
and everybody. Under such circum-
stances, the ride of fourteen miles,
the distance from Charlotte Court
House to Roanoke, was vastly agree-
able. The country through which
you pass, from Charlotte Court House
to Roanoke, is not very interesting—
inferior in all respects, as I was in-
formed, to other parts of the country.

After a ride of two or three hours,
we entered a forest of tall oaks, and
were told that we were on Mr. Ran-
dolph’s estate. Shortly the houses
that were occupied by the great and
eccentric genius, appeared through the
intervening trees, built up in the midst
of the woods. Not a stump to be seen,
not a bush grubbed up; all standing as
if the foot of man had never trodden
there.

Mr. Randolph would not suffer the
primitive aspect of things to be dis-
turbed in the least. Not a tree, or
branch or switch was allowed to be
cut. During his absence in Europe,
a limb of an oak, projecting towards a
window of one of the houses, grew so
near that old Essex, fearing the win-
dow would be broken, cut the limb off.
On Mr. Randolph’s return, he at once
discovered the mutilation, old Essex
was called up, and the reason de-
manded for cutting off the limb. “The
old negro told his master he feared the
window would be broken. Then, said
Mr. Randolph, why did you not move
the house?”

We were met by John, the cele-
brated body servant of Mr. Randolph, and
were treated with as much calm dig-
nity and politeness as I should have
expected from the most polished gen-
tleman. He accompanied us through,
and explained everything that attract-
ed attention about the summer and
winter houses; and related to us many
things connected with his late master,
of a most interesting character. The
summer and winter houses stand im-
mediately opposite, and were used by
Mr. Randolph as their denominations
indicate. The winter house is a rude,
unpainted log structure; the roof that
shelters the front, is supported by un-
barked posts. The interior has a con-
fined, roughly finished appearance.—
The summer house is built of better
materials, well finished and painted.
The plan of the summer house, though
singular, is in good taste, and decided-
ly convenient and agreeable. Instead
of windows, on three sides of each
room there are doors opening very
wide, affording a plentiful circulation
of air, and an unobstructed view of all
around. Unfortunately, at the time of
our visit, the houses were denuded of
their furniture, a circumstance of
much regret to us.

At my request, John directed us to
his master’s grave, at the foot of a lofty
pine just a few steps in the rear of the
summer house. The place was select-
ed by Mr. Randolph twenty years be-
fore his death; and by his direction his
head was laid to the east instead of
the west, the usual position. I sup-
pose the position was preferred by
Mr. Randolph, because it was the In-
dian mode of sepulchral posture, his
descent from Pocahontas, the Indian
princess, being one of the things he
much boasted of. A rude unchiselled
mass of white rock, found by Mr. Ran-
dolph, on a distant part of his estate,
many years before his death, and used
by him at the door of one of his houses
as a wash-stand, marks the head of
the grave. A rude mass of brown
stone, selected by Mr. Randolph, and
used as a step stone to mount his horse,
marks the foot of the grave. These
rocks were procured and kept for the
purpose to which they are now ap-
propriated, and particular directions given
to John on this subject.

I can never forget my emotions
while standing over the unornamented
grave of the gifted and eccentric
Randolph. The tall, unbroken forest
by which I was surrounded, the silence
and gloom that remained undisturbed
amidst the deserted place, the thought
of the brilliant mind that once animat-
ed the remains then mouldering be-
neath the sod upon which I was stand-
ing—the vanity of earth’s promises,
and hopes, and distinctions, impressed
my heart and mind with a degree of
solemnity and interest I was unwill-
ing to dissipate.—*Danville (Va) Reg-
ister.*

A new way to rise in the world—
Devour a box of yeast.

The Tragedian Booth and the Bible.

A friend tells us an anecdote of
Booth, the great tragedian, which we
do not recollect to have seen in print.
It occurred in the palmy days of his
fame, before the sparkle of his great
mind had been dimmed by that bane
of genius—strong drink.

Booth and several friends had been
invited to dine with an old gentleman
in Baltimore, of distinguished kind-
ness, urbanity and piety. The host,
though disapproving of theatres, and
theatre-going, had heard so much of
Booth’s remarkable powers, that curi-
osity to see the man had, in this in-
stance, overcome all his scruples and
prejudices. After the entertainment
was over, lamps lighted, and company
re-seated, in the drawing room, some
one requested Booth as a particular
favor, and one, which all present
would doubtless appreciate, to read
aloud the Lord’s Prayer. Booth ex-
pressed his willingness to afford them
this gratification, and all eyes were
expectantly upon him.

Booth rose slowly and reverently
from his chair. It was wonderful to
watch the play of emotions that con-
vulsed his countenance. He became
deathly pale, and his eyes turned
tremblingly upward, wet with tears.
As yet he had not spoken. The silence
could be felt. It became absolutely
painful, until at last the spell was
broken, as it by an electric shock, as his
rich-toned voice, from white lips, syl-
labled forth—“Our Father, who art in
Heaven,” etc., with a pathos and so-
lemnity that thrilled all hearers.

He finished. The silence continued.
Not a voice was heard or a muscle
moved in his wrapt audience, until,
from a remote corner of the room a
sob was heard, and the old gentleman,
their host, stepped forward with tear-
ful eyes, and tottering frame, and
seized Booth by the hand.

“Sir,” said he, in broken accents,
“you have afforded me a pleasure for
which my whole future life will feel
grateful. I am an old man, and every
day from my boyhood to the present
time, I thought I had repented the
Lord’s Prayer, but I have never heard
it before—never.”

“You are right,” replied Booth; “to
read that prayer as it should be read,
has cost me the severest study and
labor for thirty years, and I am far from
being yet satisfied with my rendering
of that wonderful production. Hardly
one person in ten thousand compre-
hends how much beauty, tenderness
and grandeur can be condensed in a
space so small and in words so simple.
That Prayer, of itself, sufficiently il-
lustrates the truth of the Bible, and
stamps upon it the seal of Divinity.”

So great was the effect produced,
(says our informant who was present)
the conversation was sustained but a
short time longer, in subdued mona-
syllables, and almost entirely ceased;
and soon after, at an early hour, the
company broke up, and retired to their
several homes, with sad faces and
full hearts.—*Chicago Trib.*

AN AFFECTIONATE DOG.—One day
last week a dog in the family of the
late Isaac Pearson died from actual
grief for the loss of his master. The
dog was over ten years old, and Mr.
Pearson had always taken the utmost
care of him, giving him meat and drink
with his own hand at certain hours of
the day. After the death of his own-
er he went into the house and appear-
ed, as much as anybody there, to know
the event that had taken place, and
from that hour he refused to eat or
drink, and went mourning about till he
pined away and died without any ap-
pearance of disease. Do dogs reason?
—*Newburyport Herald.*

COURTESY.—No man is a gentleman,
who without provocation, would treat
with incivility the humblest of his spe-
cies. It is a vulgarity for which no
accomplishment or dress can ever
atone. Show me the man who de-
sires to make every one happy around
him, and whose greatest solicitude is
never to give just cause of offence to
any one, and I will show you a gentle-
man by nature and practice, although
he may never have worn a suit of
broad-cloth, or ever have heard of a
lexicon.

Governor Wise has removed the
Superintendent of the Capitol Square,
a German, because he voted the Amer-
ican ticket.

A woman’s tongue has been found
capable on actual experiment, to
move one thousand six hundred and
twenty times a minute!